

Legend of the Fuschia.

A legend of this little flower
I heard long years ago ;
'Tis this : that when upon the cross
The sinless Saviour died,
And the soldier with his cruel spear,
Had pierced his precious side,
The holy drops flowed at his feet,
Then fell upon the sod,
Where Mary, kneeling, wept for Him,
Her Son, and yet her God.
An angel who was hovering near,
Thus breathed a prayer to Heaven :
O, Father, let them not be lost,
These drops so freely given ;
But, in some form of beauty still,
Let them remain on earth,
And here upon this rugged hill,
Give some sweet floweret birth.
Then forth from the ensanguined sod,
A fuschia sprang that morn,
Rich crimson, dyed with Christ's own blood,
Wrapped in his "robe of scorn."
Drooping in sorrow, still it bows
Ever its graceful head,
Shivering in the slightest breeze,
Trembling with fear and dread ;
For the dark shadow of the cross
Can ne'er be forgotten be,
When all the perfume of its breath
Was spent on Calvary.
Yes, offering its rich fragrance there,
As incense at His feet,
The fuschia, though so beautiful,
Can never more be sweet.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case which excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a merchant ship in trade principally with the West Indies, had married quite early, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted manner for five years, during which time two daughters were added to his family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and hope of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received of the absent husband ; and after long hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her affliction, and the widow was obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on a humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle manners and her extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries such as she had never before possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth or station could procure. Fifteen years passed away ; the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation as housekeepers. But they had scarcely quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days' illness, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the younger daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargo ; taking care never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards his family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for such conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing a vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of those mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband assuring him that he would recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in the spring, when we met to hear the singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the courtroom, and shed a halo around the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant, while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary. The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had

we not been informed about the matter our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to refute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired one of the referees to read it, while he retired for a moment to bring in the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when he re-entered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her white straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealed her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raised her veil, disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cool, quiet tone :

"Do you know this lady ?"
Ans. "I do."
Burr. "Will you swear to that ?"
Ans. "I will ; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."
Burr. "Can you swear to the identity ?"
Ans. "I can."
Burr. "What is her age ?"
Ans. "She was thirty years of age on the 20th day of April."
Burr. "When did you last see her ?"
Ans. "At her own house, about a fortnight since."
Burr. "When did you last see her previous to that morning ?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the 14th day of May, 17—."
"When she was three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return ? Who will paint you the downward progress of heart sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and, finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow ? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the utmost scorn for the mean, contemptible wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish ? We need not inquire his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was a love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not ; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us now ask the witness—she who now stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask her which has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollection of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face, as she replied—

"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employers, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our only support was a bit of dry bread ; and she was accustomed to see by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted a second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into paradise. We found a home and a father." She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me ?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke : "You are not my father," exclaimed she, vehemently. "The law may deem you such, but I disclaim you utterly. What ! call you my father ! you who basely left your wife and brought your children to beggary ? Never ! never ! Behold there my father," pointing

to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy, who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affections and shares my home—there is my father." For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties ; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare to insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you ; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips ; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and that the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.

A Narrow Escape.

The Schuyler mansion was the theatre of a romance in the summer of 1781. General Schuyler was not then in active military service, but, at his house at Albany or at Saratoga, he was the vigilant eye of the Northern Department. His person as a prisoner was coveted as a capital prize by his Tory neighbors. Walter Meyre, a Tory colleague of the famous Joe Belys, was employed to execute a scheme for the seizure and abduction of the general. With a party of his associates, Canadians and Indians, he prowled in the woods near Albany for many days, and ascertained the exact state of affairs at Schuyler's house from a Dutchman whom he had seized at his work. He learned that a guard of six men were there for the protection of Schuyler's person, alternately on duty continually. The Dutchman was compelled to take an oath of secrecy. He did so with a mental reservation, and as soon as he was released, he hastened to Schuyler and warned him of his peril.

As the twilight of a sultry day in August was yielding into night, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the great hall of the mansion ; the servants were about the premises ; three of the guard were asleep in the basement, and the other three were lying on the grass in front of the mansion. A servant announced that a person at the back gate wished to speak with the general. His errand was understood. The doors and windows of the mansion were immediately closed and barred, the family were gathered in an upper room, and the general ran to his bedroom for his arms. Looking out of the window, he saw the house surrounded by armed men. To alarm the town half a mile distant, he fired a pistol from his window. At the same moment the intruders burst open the front door. At that instant Mrs. Schuyler perceived that in the confusion she had left her infant in a cradle in the hall below. She was about to rush down the stairs after it, when the general interposed and prevented her. Her third daughter, Margaret (who was afterward the wife of the late patron), instantly flew down the great stair-way, snatched the sleeping infant from the cradle and bore it to its mother. One of the Indians hurled a sharp tomahawk at her. Its keen blade just grazed the infant's head, and was buried in the railing of the stair. Meyre, supposing her to be a servant, called to her, as she flew up the stairs, "Where's your master ?" With quick thought she exclaimed, as she reached the verge of the upper hall, "Gone to alarm the town !" Her father heard her, and with as quick thought threw up a window and called out, to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows ! Surround the house, and secure the villains !" The alarmed marauders, who were plundering the general's dining-room of the plate, fled in haste, carrying away some of the booty. That infant was the late Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochran, General Schuyler's youngest child, who died at Oswego in the summer of 1857.—From "The Romance of the Hudson," by BENSON J. LOSSING, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

Scotch Proverbs.

Ye're maister o' yer ain words ; but, ance spoken, your words may maister you.

Bend the back to the burden.
Be a frien' to yourself and see will iters.

Better be alane than in ill company.
Do the likeliest, an' God will do the best.

Fear God an' keep out o' debt.
Fules make feasts, an' wise men eat them.

An' wise men mak' proverbs, an' fules repeat them.
Fair words ne'er brak a bane, foul works may.

A truism—An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

Revenge.

During the Revolutionary War there was living in Pennsylvania Peter Miller, pastor of a little Baptist Church. Near the church lived a man who had secured an unenviable notoriety by his abuse of Miller and the Baptists. He was also guilty of treason, and was for this reason sentenced to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced than Peter Miller set out on foot to visit it General Washington, at Philadelphia, to intercede for the man's life. He was told that his prayer could not be granted. "My friend," exclaimed Miller, "I have not a worse enemy living than that man."

"What," rejoined Washington, "you have walked sixty miles to save the life of your enemy ? That, in my judgment, puts the matter in a different light. I will grant you his pardon."

The pardon was made out, and Miller at once proceeded on foot to a place fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place on the afternoon of the same day. He arrived just as the man was being carried to the scaffold, who, seeing Miller in the crowd, remarked : "There is old Peter Miller. He has walked all the way from Ephrata to have his revenge gratified by seeing me hung."

These words were scarcely spoken before Miller handed him his pardon, and his life was spared.

An Israelite's Ambition.

The residence of Baron Rothschild and his estate at Mentmore is described as being one of the finest and most extensive in England. It contains over 20,000 acres of the finest land in Buckinghamshire. It has gardens, green-houses and graperies arranged so as to furnish fruit every month in the year. Oranges, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits, are grown in abundance. When the Baroness is absent, yachting in the channel, or at her city residence in London, supplies are daily sent to her from Mentmore in response to orders by telegraph.

The vases in the fountain and the Italian gardens cost £1,000 each. The statuary in all is of the most costly kind, and executed by the first masters. The great hall, which is 200x30 feet, is filled with the most elegant vases and statuary. It is estimated that the contents must represent a value of not less than £100,000.

It takes not less than three hours for a person to pass through the different apartment. The finish is exquisite, and the furnishing of each sumptuous. Some idea may be formed of the magnificence of the whole from the fact that the furniture of a single bed-room, being one of the many guest-chambers, cost £25,000 or £30,000.

In the dining and Baronial Hall there are furnishings valued at £200,000. Costly cabinets, of the time of Louis XIV., made of ebony inlaid with ivory or gold, diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of precious stones, the walls hung with the costliest tapestries of the time of Louis XIV., or covered with the richest needle-embroidered satin, may give some thing like an idea of the amount of wealth that has been lavished upon the more than princely mansion. The costliest paintings adorn its walls, and the most skillful and expensive workmanship has been displayed in the decoration of the ceilings of the various apartments.

The idea of Baron Rothschild appears to have been to build and furnish a mansion, such as no other person in England, except, perhaps, the Duke of Westminster, could hope to rival.

The Baron's stud is said to contain more thoroughbred horses than any other in the world. It embraces thirty-five hunters, and as many race horses, none of which are valued at less than £500 each, while many of them run up into the thousands.

Oriental Proverbs.

The following are some of the infinite number of Oriental proverbs :

It is easy to mount a little donkey.
The nightingale was shut up in a golden cage, but she still cried, "My home, My home."

Two captains in one ship will surely sink her.

The fox ends by getting into the furrier's shop.

Knife wounds heal, but not those produced by a word. The heart is a crystal palace ; once broken, it can never be mended.

With patience sour grapes become sweetmeats, and mulberry leaves turn to satin.

At sight of a glow-worm, the timid cry "Fire."

A fly is nothing, but it spoils the appetite.

The apple and the pomegranate trees disputed which was the fairer, when the thistle exclaimed, "Brethren, let us not quarrel !"

Somebody gave a Texas detective a portrait of Shakespeare, and told him it was a picture of a horse thief for whose arrest a reward had been offered. The detective has since scrutinized strange faces closely, but has not arrested anybody.

The Minister's Wife.

Under the head of "The Minister's Wife," the London Baptist Magazine has the following bit of pleasant satire :

"The minister's wife ought to be selected by a committee of the Church. She should be warranted never to have headache or neuralgia ; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron ; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge ; she should be cheerful, intellectual, pious, and domesticated ; she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, make his shirts, cook his dinner, light his fire, and copy his sermons ; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day laborer, and be always at leisure for 'good work,' and ready to receive morning calls ; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and the Home Mission ; she should conduct Bible-classes and mother's meetings ; should make clothing for the poor and gruel for the sick ; and, finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's too."

A Baby's Soliloquy.

I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fist in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler ; whatever happens I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, trotted me. That came of being a two-days old baby. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word I will be trotted or fed ; and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks. "Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby !" and I supposed that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow was Emeline. No, I was mistaken ; for a chap was here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby ; and looked at me and said, "It was a funny little tot, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Ganna." "It was Ganna's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to, but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them too.

The Father of the First Baby.

Dear sister : I now take my seat and sit down to take this opportunity to inform you that I am a daddy at last. Abbe has got a nice, fat baby, and we hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing. Now this is to be strictly a business letter. Firstly, as I said before, Abbe has got as nice a baby as ever made up faces. Nextly, I have swapped away old Buckskin, and I think I have a pretty nice horse ; it is a girl and weighs nine pounds (I mean the baby), and it is as fat as butter, and has got a good, strong pair of lungs. She has got blue eyes and a dimple in the chin (I mean the baby now), and just the prettiest mouth ; and judging from her teeth I should think she is about six years old (I mean the horse now). She is sound, smooth and kind (I mean the horse or baby either now), the doctor says she is the fairest he ever saw, without exception. (He means the baby). I got twenty-five dollars to boot (not on the baby, though, for in its case the boot was on the foot, and two, or three sizes larger, as near as I can find out.) She is as hearty as a pig, ate an egg, a biscuit, and drank three cups of tea for dinner (I mean Abbe). She is getting along nicely, and if she don't have any bad luck she will get along first rate. She is troubled with disorders of the stomach, and they say this is a sign of the colic. (I mean the baby). I hope it is, for the nurse says colicky babies never die. She talks out of her nose as she takes snuff. (The nurse, I mean now.)

There, I've been reading this over, and I see plainly that I ain't fit to write. The amount of it is, I am frustrated. I am a happy daddy, and that accounts for it ; so you must excuse me this time.

—*Albany Journal.* S. H. S.

Asa Fairbanks, the old man whose death on a witness stand in Providence, has been reported, was very poor, and two of his daughters were very rich. A fortune, which would have descended to him, had been willed to them. Estrangement and lawsuit were the consequences. He fell while testifying, and, as he was reviving, one of the daughters kissed him. "How dare you kiss me, and keep my money !" he exclaimed, and roughly pushed her aside. A few moments afterward he died.

John in a Bad Fix.

This is what happened to John Raymond, the American actor. John went into Madame Tussand's exhibition of waxworks. He was tired, and so sat down in an old chair. He had not observed the number placarded over his head, which indicated that he was occupying the seat of a wax figure removed for repairs. The crowd soon gathered around him, and at first Raymond thought he was subjected to the common process of being stared at because he was an actor ; and then it flashed across his fun-loving brain that he was being mistaken for a wax-figure, for one of the ladies exclaimed, "How very life-like and natural to be sure !" "Who is it ?" Catalogues were hastily searched, and Raymond humored the joke by sitting very still and glaring with his expressive eyes. This was not so pleasant as it first appeared, for a man said directly, "Well I rather think he is the ugliest little fellow I ever saw !" "It is positively the most horrible-looking creature in the place—who is it ?" asked a lady. The number was found and the account read out, "Tom Thug the cruellest murderer ever hung—cut the throats of a whole family of fourteen persons for the trifling sum of ten pounds eight shillings and sixpence." "Well, I'll be hanged," cried Raymond jumping to his feet, "If it is possible to make a charge in England without tacking on that miserable sum of a sixpence ! Here is the late Mr. Thomas Thug, charged with a wholesale assassination, and they had to clap on that sixpence ! I believe that the late Mr. Thug was swindled." The crowd laughed and screamed at the sudden and startling effect. One, more cool, said, "Oh, bother, this is an old game here ! This little fellow is hired to do this. Madame Tussand pays him one pound six shillings—'if you say sixpence,' cried Raymond, 'I'll make the number of the murdered an even fifteen !'"

Yankee Doodle in 1814.

Americans, when questioned what is their "national air," or tune, sometimes hesitate whether to say they have none, or three. The tune called "America" is perhaps oftener performed as such, than any other, though its music is not native to our country. But in a sense, "America," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle" are all "national airs" of the United States. The following incident shows how the question stood in the minds of our statesmen more than sixty years ago :

At the close of the last year with England, by the treaty of peace signed at Ghent (in Belgium,) after the Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and the United States, had nearly concluded the pacific labors, the burghers of that quaint old Dutch city determined to give an entertainment in their honor, and desired to have the national airs of the two treaty-making powers performed, as a part of the programme. So the musical director was directed to call upon the American Ministers and obtain the music of the national air of the United States.

No one knew exactly what to give, and a consultation ensued, at which Bayard and Gallatin favored "Hail Columbia," while Clay, Russell and Adams were decidedly in favor of "Yankee Doodle." The musical director was called in and informed of the decision.

He then asked if any of the gentlemen had the music, and receiving a negative reply, suggested that perhaps one of them could sing or whistle the air.

"I can't," said Mr. Clay ; "I never whistled or sung a tune in my life. Perhaps Mr. Bayard can."

"Neither can I," replied Mr. Bayard. "Perhaps Mr. Russell can."

Mr. Russell, Mr. Gallatin, and Mr. Adams in turn confessed their lack of musical ability.

"I have it," exclaimed Mr. Clay, and ringing the bell, he summoned his colored body-servant.

"John," said Mr. Clay, "whistle Yankee Doodle for this gentleman."

John did so ; the chief musician noted down the air, and at the entertainment the Ghent Burgher's Band played the national air of the United States with variations, in grand style.—*Boston Journal.*

A widow in Detroit owns and occupies a cottage under the shadow of a church steeple which is supposed to be in danger of falling when a high wind blows. At midnight, a few nights ago, when the wind blew fiercely, she got up and dressed, called the children up, and then dressed them, and folded her arms with the remark : "Now, then, if that steeple falls and kills us, people will know that we were a respectable family anyhow. George, you brush up your hair a little more, and Sarah, you take your feet off the stove hearth, and pin your collar more to the left."

In Minnesota a lady in gazing put her jaw out of joint, and two days elapsed before the doctor could get it in place again, in which time the delighted husband avers it had such a vacation as never before since he was a married man.

Badgering a Witness.

Leaning back in his chair and glaring at the modest man, the attorney opens : "Now, sir, what is your name ?" Of course he knows it, the jury know it, the Court knows it, but the attorney asks it again, as if it were of the greatest importance, and the witness might deny his name on second thought. So he says, "Now, sir, what is your name ?"

"Thomas Brown," responds the modest man.

"What ?" screams the lawyer ; "speak up, can't you ? You are not ashamed of your name, are you ?"

"No, sir," replies Brown.

"Very well ! Then speak up, so the jury can hear you. Now, sir, what is your interest in this case ?" with a significant look at the jury.

"I have no interest in it," replies the witness.

The attorney looks horrified at the total depravity of the witness. He glances at the jury again, as much as to say : "Gentlemen, did you ever behold such turpitude ?" and then goes on speaking deliberately, and emphasizing every word with a beek of his forefinger. "Do you swear, sir, before the jury, and in presence of this court, and on your solemn oath, that you have no interest in this case ?"

"Yes, sir," says Brown, blushing.

"Yes, you have, or yes, you have not ?" "I have not."

"Haven't you confessed within the past week to three different parties that you have an interest ?"

"No, sir," replies Brown, trembling, and trying to think if he has ever uttered a word that could be tortured into such an admission.

"You swear before this jury," says the attorney, "that you have never talked about this matter ?"

"I did not say I had not talked," replies the witness.

"Ah ! ha ! Then you have talked !" exclaims the attorney. "I thought I could refresh your recollection."

"I only said"—continues the witness, desiring to explain, but he is stopped abruptly.

"Never mind what you said, sir. When I want to know what you have said I will inquire of you. I understand you now to admit that you have talked about the matter. Is that right ?"

"I simply talked—"

"Will you please answer my question ?" thunders the attorney. "Have you talked, or have you not ? Yes or no ?"

"Yes, but—"

"That will do ; you need not go on, sir. That is ample. At last you admit that you, a witness, an important witness in this case, have been around the town discussing the matter ! Do you think that is a proper thing, sir, for a witness to do ?"

The witness abashed and humiliated, remains silent.

"Will you answer, sir ?" continues the lawyer, threateningly. "Do you come before this jury expecting to be believed, while admitting that you have made this case the subject of hope and fear, and discussed it on the street ?"

The witness tries to explain, but is told to "stand down," and leaves the box feeling that in some way he has been made to appear like a rascally perjurer, when he is absolutely free from bias or prejudice as the most disinterested spectator in the room. Any one who is at all familiar with our courts will see that the above is a very faint picture of the "badgering" to which witnesses are subjected. Indeed, a man giving his testimony might think he had escaped very easily if he met with nothing worse than this, and yet the imputations contained in the above would be resented with a blow in any other place than the courts. Such attacks are cowardly and disgraceful, and still they are permitted and winked at by our judges. We call upon the latter to begin in the correction of this scandalous imposition.—*Exchange.*

Funerals in 1776.

Funerals touched weddings at the point of feasting, and were often very expensive, showy, and pompous occasions. In some parts of the country, especially among the Dutch of Long Island and New York, it was the custom for a young man to lay by his earnings after coming of age, until a sufficient sum had accumulated to provide for him a "respectable" funeral when he should come to die. Often times the young burger would reserve half of the portion of wine which he had liberally laid in for his marriage, to be used at the funeral of himself or his wife. Special invitations were sent out for funerals as for parties. The clergyman, pall-bearers, and physicians attending, were provided with scarfs and gloves, and sometimes each with a mourning ring ; while the feast which followed the interment at the house of the relatives of the deceased, elaborate with cold roast meats, wines, liquors, and pipes, was not unfrequently an occasion of coarse excesses, and sometimes descended into hilarious and noisy demonstrations. A "respectable" funeral of this description might cost, perhaps, a thousand dollars ; while the funeral of the first wife of Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer is said to have cost not less than twenty thousand dollars.—*Edward Abbott's "Revolutionary Times."*

A Toronto girl with an immense bump of British reverence for old customs, tore away from her intended husband on the eve of the proposed wedding because she wanted to be married with a ring, "as her mother and grandmother had been."

"Ma, does pa kiss the cat ?" "Why, no, my dear. 'What is the name of goodness put that in your head ?'" "Cos, when pa came down stairs this morning he kissed Sally, and said, 'That's better than kissing that old cat up stairs, ain't it ?'"

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS BELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Which?

There is no accounting for the preferences of people. Of course, in this free country, especially in this Centennial year, it is every one to his taste, as the old man said when he kissed the bull. Still one generally likes to see a little common sense exhibited in the matter of likes and dislikes.

Comparisons between the deaf and the blind, with arguments to show that the one is happier than the other, are things about which every reader has had his say, either in public or in private. Speculation in this direction does not traverse the bounds of common sense, and some of the ablest minds in both of the special professions do not disdain to put in a word here and there.

The sanguine few go even farther in these comparisons, and boldly assert that the deaf-mute is happier than his fellow man gifted with all his senses. Under certain conditions he doubtless is. In a social gathering of mutes, for instance, the happiness of the hearing man would be at a discount. Other occasions and times in which this is true, will suggest themselves to those who care to dig into the subject; the sensible among us will see its absurdity on the very face of the question and give it the go by.

Current history tells us of one unfortunate individual who, after a prolonged stare at a company of mutes engaged in animated conversation, turned to his neighbor and asked what all the motions, curves, angles, horizontal and perpendicular meant. He was informed the company were talking.

"Talk?" A little reflection. "And can they eat?" he queried.

Well, this is bad enough; but what shall be said of the species of ineffable idiot, recently come to light, who unblushingly asserts that he would rather be a lunatic than deaf and dumb. He speaks adverbially too. He is keeper or attendant in a certain lunatic asylum, and is thoroughly posted on one side of the question, at least. The remark was entirely original with him. The remarkable conclusion was not drawn out on cross-examination, nor yet by appliances of any modern inquisition. It was voluntary—spontaneous. He was performing his wonted duty of conducting visitors over the asylum, and to a sign and remark of pity by some innocent, sympathizing soul, he replied, "O! I would rather be insane than deaf and dumb."

A few weeks previously he had conducted a party of deaf-mutes over the building. It was a lively party, and all were in the best of spirits as he bears willing testimony. The ladies he describes as beautiful. The gentlemen—well, he didn't have eyes for them. He doubtless bowed his polite bow of adoration when they made their exit. Then in the padded walls and enlightened surroundings he pondered deeply on this phase of human nature, and in due time was ready with his conclusions. He does not keep them secret. The public has them.

But, unhappy admission! He casually remarked, by way of carrying conviction, that he knew whereof he spoke; he supposed that he was once a lunatic himself. But he was cured in time. So he says, and doubtless would not be gainsaid, but for this last incautious assertion. Is he really well? Is not the malady returning?

Life-Like.

The article published elsewhere headed "The Thrifty Tramp," is a life-like picture of the common deaf-mute tramp. The scene is not in the least overdrawn, and it is sincerely hoped that deaf-mutes belonging to that class of roving people, when they see their characters so strongly reflected, will turn over a new leaf in their lives' history, and endeavor to become useful and honored citizens instead of being regarded as vagabonds, disgraceful, good-for-nothing pests and bores by intelligent and respectable society.

Reported Dead but Still Lives.

Levi Jack, a deaf-mute, who was said by some of his relatives to be dead, is still alive and well. He has been confined in the Insane Asylum at Augusta, Me., for six years. He is a relative of C. A. Brown, of Belfast, Me., and is also related to Samuel Hamilton, of Rockland, Me. Mr. Jack's insanity was the result of being robbed of \$500.

Important Circular.

The attention of the deaf and dumb and the general public is called to a circular issued by the board of trustees of "The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes" published in the columns of this week's JOURNAL. The determination of the society to establish an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, and their worthy efforts to furnish employment for those now out of work are highly commendable and should meet with prompt assistance.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

THE deaf-mutes of that portion of the West, included within the new mission field of Mr. A. W. MANN, are continually asking him when Dr. GALLAUDET intends coming out that way. They have been expecting him for some time, and are deeply interested in the work which he is prosecuting with such signal success at the East. Such inquiries are not confined to the mutes themselves. Their speaking friends, and the clergy, who have lately taken a great interest in the work, join in the wish that the Reverend Doctor may soon be able to leave his duties at the East for a while, and come out West for the purpose of shedding more light upon the extent and needs of this new effort of faith.

THE Oswego Palladium of the 10th inst., has the following: "Hon. BILLA FLINT, of Belleville, Canada, made a very impressive speech to the deaf and dumb pupils at the Institution the other day. Dr. PALMER enjoyed it, but the pupils cannot imagine why the Senator kept his lips going so rapidly." (Having an able interpreter in the person of Dr. Palmer, the Principal of the Institution, to explain the Hon. Billa Flint's remarks for them, the pupils no doubt enjoyed it as well as did Dr. Palmer himself.—ED. JOURNAL.)

Religious Services.

On the evening of Whit-Sunday, the 4th inst., quite a number of deaf-mutes attended service at the Church of the Intercession, Washington Heights, New York. It was what has sometimes been called a combined service; the Rector, Rev. Mr. Donald, reading and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreting. The oral address of the latter was interpreted by Dr. Peet. Church work among adult deaf-mutes, and the Home for the Aged and Infirmed constituted the theme. Rev. Mr. Donald remarked in closing, that such a service was specially fitted to close Whit-Sunday, for it had been conducted in two languages, reminding them of the day of Pentecost when the inspired apostles spoke in different languages.

On Monday, June 5th, Dr. Gallaudet was present at morning prayers in the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes. After Dr. Peet had explained the Bible lesson, he invited Dr. Gallaudet to make an address and offer prayer. Among other things, the Dr. impressed upon the pupils the great importance of their cultivating good characters.

On Monday, June 5th, at three p. m., the funeral of the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rusk took place at their residence, in New York. He was a bright and promising boy of about three years of age. Dr. Gallaudet went with the family to Greenwood Cemetery and committed the body to the grave.

A Good Chance for Employment.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY OCCUPATIONS SUITABLE FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The following list of employments with which deaf-mutes are frequently occupied was furnished us by John L. Gage, of Winetka, Ill. Mr. Gage adds that the hearing and speaking classes are employed at more than 1,500 different kinds of occupations. With a choice among so many classifications of usefulness, it would seem that with the possession of ordinary health and reasonable success, the former need not suffer from want, while the latter might stand a reasonable chance of becoming rich. With one hundred and forty branches of industry to select from, we see no good reason (sickness and accidents excepted) why any deaf-mute man or woman need suffer from their inability to earn an honest and comfortable living. If any of them are complaining of lack of employment, we would in all candor advise them to carefully examine the list, select the kind of work for which they are peculiarly and best adapted by both nature and education, and go to work with a will, and then hard times will (to them, at least,) cease to have a tangible existence. The kinds of employment in the various branches best adapted in most cases to deaf and dumb are as follows:

FOR MALES.

Agent, artist, baker, barber, basket-maker, blacksmith, bookbinder, book-seller, boot-maker, box-maker, brass-finisher, brick maker, carver, carpenter, carpenter, carpet-weaver, carriage maker, carriage painter, card writer, case maker, chaises, cigar maker, clerk, cloth spinger, clock maker, cooper, copyist, cabinet-maker, dentist, ditch-digger, driver, dyer, editor, engraver, engineer, farmer, fruit laborer, file cutter, folio writer, fruiter, gardener, gas-tuber, glass engraver, glazier, grainer, grape grower, harness maker, ham maker, heater, house carpenter, house builder, house painter, hostler, horse doctor, hotel keeper, insurance agent, inventor, iron moulder, iron chipper, jeweler, job printer, joiner, justice of the peace, laborer, letter carrier, lithographer, machinist, manager, magician, mason, match-maker, mailing clerk, mechanic, merchant, miller, miner,

mop maker, moulder, nurseryman, packer, painter, peddler, piano maker, picture-frame maker, photographer, portrait painter, potter, postmaster, printer, publisher, pump maker, real estate dealer, recorder, repairer and scourer, reverend, rubber-boot maker, saddler, sailor, sash, door and blind maker, sedsman, sculptor, scourer, shoe-cutter, shoemaker, shipping clerk, ship builder, spinner, stamper, stone cutter, tailor, teacher, telegraph operator, tobacconist, tobacco planter, truckman, trunk maker, turner, tucker and hemmer, vase maker, vegetable, watchmaker, watchman, wagon maker, weaver, window-screw maker, wiper engine.

FOR FEMALES.

Book-folder, cook, dressmaker, farmer's wife, house-keeper, house work, help-at-home, nun, nurse, seamstress, shoe-binder, tailoress, teacher, washerwoman.

St. Ann's Church.

WHIT-SUNDAY SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES
—SERMON BY REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET.

To St. Ann's Episcopal church, in Eighteenth street, near Fifth avenue, belongs the credit of looking out for the spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes to the extent of giving to this unfortunate class each Sunday the benefit of special religious services. In this city and Brooklyn there are some three hundred deaf-mutes who avail themselves of these stated ministrations, held at the church at three o'clock p. m., on every Sunday. Usually there is a pretty large attendance, not alone of the deaf and dumb people who assemble here for their special worship, but of others interested in their religious welfare, besides many go for the simple purpose of witnessing the conducting of the services in the sign language. And certainly there can hardly be conceived a more impressive spectacle than that of these

engaged in their Sunday devotions. There is no glitter or pomp or grand ceremonies of swelling anthems. "Silence is golden," says Carlyle. This is something beyond that. It is simplicity intensified. It is the purity of devotion idealized.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet conducted the services. He is a son of the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, who, having been providentially led to devote himself to this work by his interest in the deaf daughter of a distinguished physician, went abroad to learn the art of teaching deaf-mutes, and accomplished his object at Paris, where he acquired a knowledge of the system originated by the Abbe de L'Epée and perfected by the Abbe Sicard, and on his return founded the first institution for the education of deaf-mutes in this country. Under the teachings of such a father and the training of his deaf-mute mother, and he himself having in turn married a deaf-mute, it could hardly be otherwise than that the son, the present well-known Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, should be a perfect master of the language of silence, but also filled with genuine enthusiasm for this sadly afflicted class of humanity. The services were in accordance with the ritual for Whit-Sunday. With eyes on the various lessons as one succeeded the other, his hands acted as the interpreters; and so, in reading portions of the Scriptures and the hymn, "O sing unto the Lord a new song," every eye watched the swiftly moving hands and fingers and pantomimic shrugs and motions, and it was as plain to them as the spoken Word. At the close of the preliminary exercises followed

A BAPTISM.

The rite was administered to the infant child of parents, both of whom are deaf-mutes. This was a very impressive ceremonial, being conducted, like the previous services, in the sign language. Then next followed the sermon. The text was Acts II., 4—"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Under the manipulations of such a skilled master of the sign language, one unfamiliar with the symbols could almost trace the brief but impressive epitome given of the life of Christ on earth, with that subsequent episode in the lives of His apostles alluded to in the text. The sermon was appropriate to the day, and the closest possible attention was paid to the reverend interpreter. After going over the field of what is being done for the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth, he told them what was being specially done on behalf of the 20,000 in this country similarly affected with themselves through the aid of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, founded in this city three years ago and of which there are now branches in nearly all the leading cities of the country, and through its instrumentality the words of the Gospel are being preached to so many who, otherwise, would be deprived of this blessed privilege. It appears further, that the project for securing a "National Home for Aged and Infirmed Deaf-mutes" is meeting with great encouragement, and the time is evidently not far away when this plan of benevolence will be satisfactorily and completely consummated.

After a closing benediction the silent worshippers withdrew as quietly as they had entered the sacred edifice, and it was plain to be seen that all appreciated these kindly religious ministrations in their behalf, and the special, earnest labors of their most zealous and devoted friend and religious teacher, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.—N. Y. Herald, June 5th.

Scald head and numerous other diseases of the scalp, for the cure of which so many forms of ointment and plaster have been invented by medical men, can be simply and effectually remedied by washing the head with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. Sold everywhere.

—A boy, named Stoutenger, was drowned while bathing at Hannibal, recently.

Extract from a Sermon Delivered in 1851.

The following is an extract from a sermon preached at the Retreat for the Insane, Hartford, Conn., Sept. 21st 1851, by Wm. W. Turner:

We may refer to the illustration of our subject to the case of one whom we all knew, and loved, and honored. Who for so many years occupied this sacred desk, and here directed you to the Savior of sinners. Mr. Gallaudet chose the service of God while he was yet young; and thenceforward labored steadily and successfully in the vineyard of his heavenly master. He qualified himself to preach the gospel, and entered upon the duties of the sacred office with an earnestness and zeal which made him a very acceptable and useful minister of Jesus. But divine providence led him into another, though no less important field of usefulness—the intellectual and moral training of the deaf and dumb. For nearly fourteen years, as principal of the American Asylum, he opened the treasures of wisdom and learning, and dispensed the blessings of the gospel to that unfortunate, yet interesting class of our fellow men. When impaired health compelled him to abandon this chosen pursuit, he devoted several succeeding years to the preparation of books for the instruction and improvement of the young. Their proper education was a subject in which he was particularly interested, and which called forth his most vigorous efforts. The last seven years of his life have been spent in your service as chaplain of this Institution. You have been witnesses of his fidelity in the discharge of the responsible duties of his office. You know how sincerely he sympathized with you in your sorrow, and with what tenderness and skill he labored to calm the distracted mind, to quiet the disturbed thoughts, to encourage the desponding heart, and to soothe the troubled conscience. In all his intercourse with you gentleness and kindness marked his way and won your confidence and love. While solicitous that you should be restored to health and to your homes, he was chiefly anxious that you should learn the lesson of submission to the will of your heavenly Father, and finally be prepared for a home with him in heaven. But your friend and spiritual guide has gone before you to his rest. His work is done. You will hear his voice, you will see his face no more. The master, whose service he chose and in which he labored so long and so diligently, did not leave him comfortless in the protracted season of his last sickness, nor forsake him in the dying hour. He desired to recover for the sake of his family and friends and that he might do something more for the good of others; but he cheerfully referred the decision of that, and all other questions affecting his interests, to his God. He had no fear of death. He had hope in the Savior's mercy, and into his hands he commended his departing spirit. We doubt not he has heard the Master's words of commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Our chief solicitude now should be that we may all make a wise improvement of this event of Providence; that our bereavement may be so sanctified to us as to make us more earnest and more faithful in the performance of the active duties of life, and no to prepare us for that better life to which the gospel of Jesus prompts us to aspire.

Another Version of the Story.

The following in relation to the cause of Wm. L. M. Breg's sickness and death, and the reason why he was removed from his position at the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was published in Flint, Michigan, Journal, of May 24th, 1876:

MR. EDITOR:—My feelings as a friend of the late Mr. Breg have been very much excited by reading in the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, published at the Institution, a notice of the deceased. This paper is understood to be edited by one of the parties most directly concerned in making the removal of Mr. Breg from his place as teacher a year ago. The hatred which required that removal, in writing the notice, could not refrain from giving the following malicious fling at his memory:

"Until within the past one or two years he has been strong, vigorous, and a very able teacher, and under his instructions have graduated some very intelligent and well educated young men and women. For a time back the deceased has been notably failing, which was accounted for by some of his intimate friends and acquaintances by the belief that he was attacked with that terribly fatal disease, softening of the brain."

The devilish ingenuity and malignity of this notice can only be seen by hearing the real facts.

At the time the Institution was being investigated, Mr. Breg was called as a witness. He had nothing to do with getting up the trouble, and had not even talked with the parties doing it. He was astonished when he was called, but went, determined to speak the truth as he saw it, as any true and honest man must. He did, and his testimony is understood to have been very strong against the fitness of the present principal for his place. For thus daring to speak he was turned out. He was a deaf-mute, knew no business except teaching, and his being turned out gave him a reputation that prevented his engagement elsewhere. It cut him to the heart. He went home and drooped. He spent long days in crying. At last his friends feared that this trouble was beginning to produce softening of the brain.

The extract I have quoted so states this fact, as to lead the reader to suppose that this softening had occurred before he was turned out, and thus to those who knew of it, it would appear that he was turned out in consequence, and that some way he had deteriorated as a teacher.

Among the delegates who attended the State Sunday-school Convention held in Utica last week, were Mr. and Mrs. George Baker and Mrs. J. M. Hood, of this village.

The statement is made in the *Deaf-Mute Mirror* that goes out to the whole Deaf-mute World, and in reality tells every one that Mr. Breg was—a good man—but unfortunate—in not having a sound mind—because his brain was softened. This is an easy way of shuffling off the responsibility for his death. He was turned out, because he had dared to bear witness which did not please the authorities. When he was out and they saw his trouble, they said in effect: "He has got a lesson. He won't be so eager to testify again."

The low spirit of revenge that compassed his removal ought to have spared his memory now that he is in his grave.

Indignantly yours,

INSTITUTION.

The Breg Matter.

(From the *Flint (Michigan) Journal*, May 31st.)

The last number of the *Deaf-Mute Mirror* contains a card from the Trustees of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, denying that the Principal, Mr. Bangs, had anything to do with the removal complained of in our last—in a letter signed "Institution"—also denying that the removal was made on account of any evidence given in the late investigation. We are glad to have the assurance. No one can know the reasons except the ones that acted. As all three Commissioners join in making the statement, it must be accepted as conclusive.

Employment for Deaf-Mutes.

The undersigned have been appointed a Board of Trustees by "The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes" to receive a legacy of \$500 (five hundred dollars,) left by the late Miss Eliza Morrison, of Peterboro, N. H., and to use it for the benefit of deaf-mutes. With this object in view, they ask from the citizens of New England generally the means for the purchase of a farm, with suitable buildings, where employment may be had by such deaf-mutes as do not succeed in obtaining situations elsewhere. Experience has proved that many deaf-mutes, after leaving school, need fostering care and guidance in their attempts to support themselves.

In connection with their efforts to accumulate a fund large enough to establish an "Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes," the undersigned will do all in their power to procure situations for deaf-mutes who are out of employment. They therefore ask all employers who are willing to try deaf-mutes, and all deaf-mutes who desire situations to correspond with their General Agent, Wm. B. SWETT, Marblehead, Mass.

The undersigned propose to hold quarterly meetings on Saturdays before the last Sundays of August, November, February and May, at 2 p. m., in Marblehead, Mass., and will be thankful for any information or suggestions bearing upon the important object entrusted to them.

Subscriptions, in aid of the general objects thus briefly referred to, are respectfully solicited. The General Agent, Mr. WILLIAM B. SWETT, is duly authorized to receive these subscriptions; or they may be sent directly to the Treasurer, Mr. WILLIAM H. WORMSTEAD, Marblehead, Mass.

ALBERT SMITH, Peterboro, N. H.
THOMAS BROWN, West Heniker, N. H.
NATHAN P. SANDERS, Marblehead, Mass.
JULIUS H. WARD, Marblehead, Mass.
WM. H. WORMSTEAD, Secretary and Treasurer, Marblehead, Mass.
WM. H. WEEKS, Hartford, Conn.
JOSEPH O. SANGER, Westboro, Mass.
SAMUEL F. SOUTHWICK, Salem, Mass.
RALPH H. ATWOOD, Newburyport, Mass.
THOMAS GALLAUDET, Chairman,
No. 9 W. 18th St., N. Y. City.

Base Ball.

Last Thursday about 300 people assembled on the Fair Grounds to witness a game of ball played by the Johnsons of Fulton and the Resolutes of this place. The Johnsons made it very interesting for us, as the score below will show. We had a beautiful day, and both nines were in excellent condition and the best of humor. The Resolutes hardly expected to come off victorious, but still less expected to march home so *angrily* beaten.

The first three innings were played very poorly on the part of the Resolutes, resulting, probably, from the misplacing of our men, whereby the Johnsons scored 17 runs. At this point we could see very clearly that it *wasn't* our day; still, we placed our men in little different shapes, and went on, hoping to make up by good playing what we had lost by poor. But it couldn't be did. We had them pretty close in the last six innings, they only scoring 7 runs.

At the close of the game the score stood—Johnsons 24, Resolutes 2. The two scores made by the Resolutes were made in the first and fourth innings by Rousseau and Webb.

We are not wholly discouraged yet, and mean to play the Champions of Oswego county again soon, when we hope to give them a better score if not beat them.

The Johnsons are all nice fellows, and very gentlemanly, I think. I am speaking for one when I say this.

A RESOLUTE.

Among the delegates who attended the State Sunday-school Convention held in Utica last week, were Mr. and Mrs. George Baker and Mrs. J. M. Hood, of this village.

Memoir of the Rev. G. A. W. Downing.

(From the *Deaf and Dumb Herald*, Oldham, England.)

The Rev. G. A. W. DOWNING has been upwards of a quarter of a century professionally connected with the Deaf and Dumb. While yet a boy in a round jacket and turn down collar (as he was reminded when lately on a visit to his old home), he was appointed Assistant Teacher to the Head Master of the Claremont Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He remained there for five years, and was then selected to fill the post of Principal of the Diocesan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Strabane. Two years afterwards he married a lady who had a deaf and dumb brother and nephew, thus he became still more intimately connected with those for whom he has so long labored. Remaining in Strabane about 12 years, he was next engaged with the London Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, and for some time worked as Missionary amongst the deaf and dumb in the North and East parts of the Metropolis, his district comprising Whitechapel, Bow, Holloway, &c. Upon the resignation of the Rev. Wm. STAINER, Mr. DOWNING was appointed to fill the vacant place of Superintendent of the Manchester Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, and in August, 1866, entered upon his duties as such; should he, therefore, be spared until next August, he will have completed 10 years in connection with this Society.

At the Ordination, September, 1870, he was admitted into Diocesan Orders by Dr. FRASER, LORD BISHOP OF MANCHESTER. We quote the Bishop's words in alluding to the circumstance afterwards:—"He had the greatest possible satisfaction in admitting the Rev. Mr. DOWNING, the Superintendent of the Society, to the office of Deacon. Perhaps in doing so he was taking a bold step according to the prescript rules of the Church of England, because it had been laid down by Bishop Laud—who was somewhat of a martinet in those matters—that no curate was to be ordained unless he had a specific nomination and a title. This difficulty had, however, been technically removed by the Rev. JAMES BARSTLEY's nominating Mr. DOWNING as an Assistant Curate of St. Ann's, and he (the Bishop) had given him, in addition, a sort of roving cure to attend to the spiritual wants of all the poor deaf and dumb people whom he could find in the district."

Ten years ago there was but one service for the deaf and dumb (that held at Manchester) for the whole of those scattered throughout the towns and neighboring districts. Since then, year by year, Branch Societies have been formed in the surrounding towns, viz.:—Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, and Stockport, where services are held Sunday after Sunday, and the deaf and dumb given an opportunity of attending the means of grace, and participating in the same privileges as their hearing and speaking friends; and it is pleasing to note that the average attendance is upon the whole (when we take into consideration the distance which some of the members have to come) satisfactory.

It would necessarily exceed our limits were we to state all that the Society is doing and has done, this we must reserve for another paper. But we might say, however, that owing to the remarkable and praiseworthy exertions of the Chaplain, a building is about to be commenced which will give to the Society a church of its own, and we have no doubt this will be a great blessing to the deaf and dumb.

The influence of the Manchester Society is not confined to our own country, but has extended over to the Emerald Isle. For the last three years the Chaplain spent his holidays in that country where there is little missionary work amongst the deaf and dumb (except in Dublin and Belfast), and there held services in the finger and sign language in Dublin, Belfast and Ballyshannon.

It is most gratifying to the Manchester Society to find that one has been given to them who is able to take the work to heart, and one who, since his advent into Manchester, has ever been on the lookout for every opportunity for improving their condition.

The Manchester Society when he first undertook its charge was in a dilapidated, and what we may term rotten, condition, and it was at the time when matters were at their worst, that a new light began to shine. From the moment he set his foot in No. 6, John Dalton-street, a great revolution was effected, which daily became more and more marked.

It seemed that the whole of the time previous to his appearance in Manchester he had been looking on the wheel, and that being now removed, and the way tolerably straight, with a good supply of energy and untiring perseverance, he has set to level to the ground all barriers that crippled the operations of the Society; and we have the satisfaction of recording the complete success which has crowned his works as Chaplain of the above Society.

We cannot close this sketch without again alluding to Mr. DOWNING's family ties. By his advice a younger brother adopted the profession of Teacher of the Deaf and Dumb. He is now a Rector in connection with the American Episcopal Church, and continues to hold services for the deaf and dumb, whilst Mr. DOWNING's eldest son is one of the Professors in an American Institution.

We do not wish to say another word in compliment, as we might be thought to favor one particular person; but we may with all candor and confidence say that at no time has the Society had a person more devoted to its interests and more suited to its wants than the one whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to the readers of "THE DEAF AND DUMB HERALD."

—A sulphur spring has been discovered at Fulton.

State Editorial Convention.

The New York State Editorial Convention met in the Common Council Chamber, Oswego, on Wednesday, the 7th inst., and was called to order by the President, Hon. John A. Place.

After prayer by Rev. D. Tully, the President delivered an able and instructive address, in which he referred to the power of the press and the vast increase of papers during the past hundred years. He welcomed the delegates to the city, and trusted that their visit would be pleasant and beneficial.

The public exercises were held at the Academy of Music in the evening. The President of the Association presided. Ex-Mayor Max B. Richardson delivered the address of welcome, in which, on behalf of the municipal corporation, he extended a cordial welcome to the Editorial Association. He declared that the people of Oswego feel that the Association has done them honor in holding their Convention here, and he hoped that no delegate would regret it.

Hon. J. H. Selkreg, of Ithaca, replied for the Association, and expressed their gratification at the welcome the members received.

At the conclusion of Mr. Selkreg's remarks, Mrs. E. Holley sang "Kathleen Mavourneen," receiving hearty applause for her effort, and at its conclusion an enthusiastic encore, to which she responded with "Old Folks at Home," and was again heartily applauded.

Mr. C. P. Wingar, of Amsterdam, then delivered the annual address, and Mr. Ausburn Towner, of Elmira, read the annual poem. Both address and poem were admirable.

Thursday morning the guests in charge of a committee from the Board of Trade and the local press visited the Starch works, the Fort, and other points of interest. In the afternoon the entire company of Editors with their wives and sweethearts embarked for Fair Haven, where a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

After returning from the excursion, the editorial party were entertained at a complimentary reception at the residence of Mr. Thomas S. Mott.

The Palladium, in speaking of this reception, says: "Mr. Mott's large and handsome grounds were beautifully illuminated and the hospitality dispensed in his mansion was ample, elegant and generous to the last degree. In fact, it was far more extensive than the local press of the city could have anticipated, and it was enjoyed with unlimited satisfaction by every person who attended. Probably no feature of the meeting gave greater satisfaction or tended more thoroughly to convince the editorial fraternity of the kindness and interest felt towards them here and the desire to make their visit truly pleasant and entertaining. The 48th Regimental Band was present throughout the evening, and their music lent additional enthusiasm and brilliancy to the occasion. The Lieberkranz, with rare thoughtfulness and courtesy, complimented the editors by a serenade while the reception was going on."

We were unable to attend the Convention, but are glad to know that the citizens of Oswego (whom we have always found to be a warm-hearted and hospitable people), made the visit of our editorial brethren so pleasant and enjoyable.

The Flower Queen.

An appreciative audience greeted Mrs. Parker's musical entertainment last Wednesday night, in the Presbyterian church. The stage was adorned with flowers and evergreens, entirely concealing the piano and screening the doors. The Cantata opened with a well rendered chorus, "We are the flowers," and in a few moments the stage was covered with beautifully dressed girls and young ladies representing various flowers. Following this were solos and choruses representing the theme of the Cantata.

A recitator listens to the flowers choosing their queen, and from them learns a lesson of faith and patience. The choruses were very good, particularly the "Hymn To Night" and the Finale, "Light of Eternal Love." Some of the solos were well and distinctly sung, and all things considered, the Cantata passed off nicely.

The instrumental part of the programme was very fine indeed. Mrs. Parker's rendering of the selections from "Midsummer Night's Dream" was splendid, as was to have been expected, and elicited hearty applause. Mr. Fenn's zither solo was very fine, and the guitar and piano duet by Mr. Fenn and Mrs. Parker called forth an encore, to which they responded with a violin and piano duet, which received loud applause. The entertainment closed with a solo and chorus, "When the Dear Ones Gather at Home," beautifully rendered by Miss L. Mosher, Mrs. Emma Weed, Dr. Becker and Munroe Simons.

Mrs. Parker received a merited compliment from the Helicon Band, who turned out and played several pieces in front of the church. We are glad to see such evidences of good feeling and public spirit on the part of our Band, and hope that they may be encouraged in their efforts for improvement by our citizens.

—The exhibition of pictures by the painting class which has been under the instruction of Miss Emma N. Beebe will be open Thursday evening, and all day Friday.

—Miss Hattie Walton was baptized by immersion last Sunday. Rev. S. P. Gray administered the rite which was witnessed by a large number of persons.

—Phineas B. Converse, Samuel Baldwin, Frederick Shepard and H. Hollenback, of Phoenix, have been victimized by a swindling agent who induced them to sign orders for spring beds and pruning shears.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet.

NEW YORK, June 7th, 1876.
DEAR MR. RIDER:—Leaving my Marblehead friends on Friday, May 26th, I went to Salem, where we had a service at St. Peter's Church, in the evening. The Rector, Rev. Dr. Aray, read and I interpreted. It was my privilege to administer baptism to Mr. Southwick. The congregation was composed of the deaf-mutes of Salem and Marblehead, and quite a good number of their hearing and speaking friends. All seemed much interested in learning about the "Church Mission to Deaf-mutes." I alluded to the Salem Society and also to the efforts about to be made to offer employment to deaf-mutes.

I passed Sunday in Boston, and had the quarterly service in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, at three o'clock, P. M. Monday evening we had service in St. James' Church, Syracuse, Rev. Dr. Clarke reading and I interpreting.

After stopping at Rome, to visit the Institution, and at Utica to see some friends, I reached home on Friday morning having been absent a fortnight. Trusting that some good was accomplished, I am,

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Laying of a Corner-Stone at West Bangor.

ROUSES POINT, N. Y., June 8th, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—At the laying of the corner stone of St. Mark's church, West Bangor, Franklin Co., N. Y., by the Rev. Geo. C. PENNELL, S. T. D., Archdeacon of the Convocation of Ogdensburg, acting for the Bishop, the service was translated into the sign language, by him for the deaf-mutes present. The Rev. Mr. Pitman, of Malone, delivered the address, which was translated into signs by Dr. Pennell. The deaf-mutes present belong to the mission to deaf-mutes, Trinity church, Potsdam, Rev. H. R. HOWARD, Rector, being the centre of the work, and the church in which Dr. Pennell holds the regular services for them. **

The Thrifty Tramp.

JACKSON, MICH., June 3d, 1876.

"Behold Paltó's man!" was the somewhat contemptuous exclamation of a venerable and ancient philosopher, as he placed before a council of his peers a full bloated Shanghai, shorn of every vestige of a feather. This was, perhaps, the best that could be given to illustrate Paltó's definition that "Man is a biped." Yet the witicism thus perpetrated did not in the least enhance the featherless biped in the estimation of the philosophers. It was no more nor less than the same Shanghai only minus his feathers.

What then is our deaf-mute? To apply the Shanghai illustration to him is out of the question, although, according to Paltó, he is a biped. A fatherless not a featherless biped, for if my memory serves me right, I think I have read somewhere in a musty volume about the ears being the father of all the senses. Our deaf-mute having lost the use of that important organ, is then clear enough a fatherless biped, but to apply the word mute to him is about as ridiculous as applying it to the Shanghai in question. His vocal organ may be impaired, yet he can bellow and bawl just as lustily as a baby, which we never dream of calling a mute, although it cannot articulate any better. Our deaf-mute is a paragon of excellencies, a bundle of eccentricities. One never hears of his being hid under a bushel, or modestly harnessed up to a trade. Oh! no, he enjoys better the glare of the sun-light, and the freedom and ease of some pampered child of fortune. Tidings came to us on the wings of the wind of his being here, then there and everywhere. Sometimes with a valise packed to its fullest capacity with stationery, or pockets full of cheap lead pencils. At other times his towering form, encased in a linen duster reaching down to his heels, with a carpet-bag full of boot-blackening dangling at his side, and the stump of a cigar tightly compressed between his lips, he can be seen perambulating the streets, eliciting admiring glances here and there from passers by. Or he may be a white-haired and bearded man on his way from Kansas to his home in Baltimore, Md. They are invariably married men, having eight or ten children to clothe and feed.

Our deaf-mute being of an observant turn of mind starts out to travel the world over, culling here and there wherever chance may lead him to the choicest fruits and rarest flowers found ripening and blossoming in the great human garden called life. Wherever he goes and whatever realms he sees, he has in his mind's eye an extensive El Dorado, where bright shining gold will turn up in abundance to bring peace and joy to a troubled life. Life's brightest dreams and most cherished hopes are but illusions, and before he has traveled a fourth of the circumference of the earth he returns weary and foot sore to the place from whence he started. A week or so passed in pleasant gossip with kindred spirits restores him to his wonted equilibrium, and he starts out anew for that far-off El Dorado. So he revolves about in his orbit, caring very little for the present and much less for the future, only that he enjoys life to the fullest.

Our deaf-mute is of no political creed, to-day a democrat and to-morrow a republican, and *vice versa*. This concerns him very little since he is debarré from enjoying political honors and emoluments. In friendship he is staunch and true, and at other times as variable as the wind. For those for whom he has a great liking he is capable of making great sacrifices, but if we provoke his enmity, we may prepare to pass some sleepless nights until we are again with him, "the hail fellow well met." He

disdains poetry, and we never see him in the poet's corner of some periodical, with a few sickly verses in laudation of his "sweetest and best." His education is in the main good, yet his literary knowledge is somewhat meagre, for how can we expect a person of his roving disposition to find the time for such pursuits? Whatever information he may possess must have been gained from other sources than the columns of a newspaper, and like the traditional tramp he diffuses news, gleaned and husbanded on the way, at every house where an extra plate and an extra chair can be found at the table, and a bed of down at eventide whereon to rest his weary limbs.

One of those belonging to that noble class of peddlers, of which we hear so much said, but read of so little, happened not long ago to touch a thriving village, about an hour's ride from this city. His first object on reaching the town was to learn whether there were any deaf-mutes residing within its limits. To that effect he anxiously inquired of a by-stander, and his heart was made glad with an affirmative reply, accompanied by a minute direction as to the route he must take to reach the house of the deaf-mute. He hied unto this Mecca with all possible speed, and on reaching the house, he knocked, not gently and tremulously, but as one accustomed all his life to knock at all manner of doors. A pleasant-faced old lady, whose very features bespoke a kind and benevolent heart overflowing with love to all, answered the knock of our friend. The thumb of the hand inserted into the orifice of the ear, with all the fingers stretched out like a fan, then moved to and fro, told the good lady louder than words that this scientific knocker was a deaf-mute born and bred. Her heart went out instantly to him, for had she not a deaf-mute son upon whom her very being is centered day and night? She bade him welcome, and told him, after he had made himself comfortable in a chair, that her son was away from home, and was not expected for some weeks. After a short conversation, he arose and stretched himself to take his departure? Oh, no! It was to inspect the various pictures hung upon the walls, and to look for the inevitable album. Tired out with this pastime, he resumed his seat, leaned back in his chair, and began to talk in clown pantomime of his travels and troubles. He was invited to supper, and after the inner man had been treated to all the good things, he indulged in a chat with the master of the house until bed time. A series of yawns and stretchings of arms on the part of our friend indicated to the family that he was fearfully sleepy. He was shown to a room containing two beds, and motioned to occupy one of them. It was a nice bed, though not so elegant in style and design as the other one. He, however, expressed his dissatisfaction by a series of shrugs of the shoulder, and blandly told the old man that he preferred the other bed. The elegant and expensive tastes of our friend somewhat startled the staid people, but with a Christian forbearance which is a marvel in these days, they endeavored to gratify and please their uninvited guest by making up the afore-said bed. Everything being ready and to his satisfaction, our friend without more ado plunged into bed, and was soon snoring away between the best sheets and on the best bed in the house. He awoke bright and early, and on coming down stairs a tin basin was got in readiness for him to indulge his morning ablution. He, however, respectfully declined touching it, and expressed in pantomime that he never washed himself from anything short of a china bowl and a pitcher new by. After some trouble and delay they were brought out for his special use. After breakfast he amused himself by looking over books. He gave notice to the family that he would stay to dinner, and after that feat was accomplished every one was glad to "God speed the traveler" to other climes.

C. B. H.

News from a Collecting Agent.

HE RECEIVES MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT—THE INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES GAINING FAVOR.

ROCKLAND, ME., June 5, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will now write a few items for you to publish in your valuable paper. I need not state here that I am agent for the Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, for you have been already informed of that through Mr. Swift. I have been home for more than three weeks, fixing up my place and planting my "later" patch, as an Irishman would call it. Now, I have got through with it, and gone to work again in earnest, collecting money for the Home, and also selling books. I meet with very good success almost everywhere; and people all speak of the plan as an excellent one. I am doing all I can to encourage the work, and am confident it will be a grand success. I have collected more than \$200 since the convention, Feb. 22d, besides selling a good many books. I could have collected more for the Home, but most people prefer to buy a book and enjoy a few hours reading than to give the same amount of money away. A book written by a deaf-mute is a new thing to many people. Wherever I sell in towns and villages, I meet with a good many deaf-mutes out of employment in the State of Maine who would do anything for a living or a comfortable home.

You will please publish the following, which I clip from the *Somerset Reporter*, dated May 5, 1876:

"We received a very pleasant call from Samuel Hamilton, collecting agent for the New England Gallaudet Association and Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. Mr. Hamilton is one of the unfortunates who has received benefits at the above proposed institution. All donations and money from the sale of books go into a fund for the purchase of a farm and establishing an Industrial

Home for destitute deaf-mutes, who may be, from various causes, deprived of suitable homes. We hope the people of this and neighboring localities will contribute liberally to alleviate the needs of this class of sufferers. William B. Swett is General Agent for the Home Building Fund."

S. HAMILTON.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 12, 1876.

How the Exhibition gets on—Our Correspondent thinks it is a good thing—Some Notes and Incidents—The Hunter's Camp—First Pennsylvania Railroad Train—Independence Hall.

Long letters are a nuisance, as a general thing, and I have of late treated your readers to several of them in attempting to get through this Exhibition by rote. So for this week I will give you only some rambling notes and gossip by way of variety. There never was a show where one could get "so much sugar for a cent"—so many attractions under one canvas, so to speak. It makes little difference what part of the grounds you begin with or what building you enter first, "all is grist that comes to the mill," as the old miller said, and there are pretty things, curious and interesting things on every hand. Larger crowds of people are coming every day and the coffers of the managers are correspondingly benefited—to say nothing of numerous outside interests. For a time there was a decidedly gloomy prospect for a lot of vendors and caterers of all kinds, who had paid heavy bonuses for privileges, but things look more promising for them now, though even yet many a bright dream is a long way from realization. The attendance, however, is getting to be nearer the mark, and the more visitors look about them the more they realize what a shame it would be to have such a magnificent exhibition fail of appreciation or support. And there is satisfaction in the statement that so far the attendance exceeds by more than three times that at Vienna for a corresponding period.

Incidents of the most amusing character divert the attention of observing persons on every hand. The philosophical student of human nature enjoys these nearly as much as the Exhibition itself. Every avenue and walk leading to the grounds is lined on either hand with hawksters of all sorts, whose seductive exhortations greet the ear of all passers-by. Here are some specimens gathered as I strolled leisurely out of the grounds the other evening. The lemonade man: "This way, ladies and gentlemen, for your real California strawberry lemonade! Lem! Lem! The original California lemonade! Each glass is prepared from a choice juicy lemon, with half a pound of double refined sugar. Each glass contains a piece of ice as large as the baby elephant's ear, and all for the low price of half a dime. Walk right up this way; now's your time! Thank you, sir; another glass sold, another soul made happy. Lem, lem, lem!" Another enterprising gentleman shouts Peanut; his voice, a melodious basso profundo, pitched in B flat: "Walk up, run up, tumble up! This is the original Japanese Peanut, authorized by the Centennial Commission and approved by the Board of Health. These choice and delicious camel-back peanuts are unequaled in size and flavor. The ladies love them and children cry for them! Buy them before you try them! Fresh roasted, camel-back, Japanese peanuts, only five cents a quart!" Peanuts may or may not be a wholesome and nutritious diet. Authorities differ on the subject. But no American show would be complete without the fragrant, uncious peanut. They are one of our institutions, and are indispensable to complete the happiness of the average American pleasure seeker. Standing on a box in front of a small tent containing, I don't know what, a burly fellow of tragie-mien bellows forth: "Ride on, pale moon, thine orbs majestic high," whatever that may mean. But the most ridiculous feature of the many catch-penny schemes is the universal use of the term limited. The omnibus lines are "limited"; the boarding-house agencies and the enterprises of all sorts are "limited." With some of them the term has rather a different signification from that intended. Their patronage is decidedly "limited." It is said that the bootblacks' association, to be organized on the stock plan, will also adopt the "limited" principle.

In one of the least frequented parts of the grounds, and so far removed from the currents of travel that it is probably not seen by one visitor in ten, is the very novel and interesting exhibit made by the publishers of *The Forest and Stream*. It is called the "Hunter's Camp," and is a perfect representation of the externals of the life of the deer-forest and the trout-stream. The thick foliage of the trees in the cool, deep valley where the hunter's hut of logs stands, the noisy stream and waterfall in front, the still pool in which float two Indian canoes, the guns, fishing-rods, blankets, cooking utensils, traps, and trophies of the chase within the hut, all help to make the illusion perfect, and it would not be hard to imagine that one had been suddenly transported from the bustling, exciting scenes of the Exhibition to some nook in the heart of the Adirondacks or the Alleghanies.

A curiosity rarely noticed by visitors, on account of its position in an out-of-the-way part of the grounds, is the first locomotive and passenger train run on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is still serviceable, and made the run from Altoona, where it has been laid up for many years, to this city. The cars are small and low, with windows so narrow that passengers were in no danger of getting hurt by thrusting their heads out. The engine has no cab, but the projecting roof of the combined tender and baggage car partly shelter the engineer. The cow-catcher

of the machine appears to have been intended literally to catch the intrusive animal and not throw her from the track. This call to mind the recent achievement of the Pennsylvania Company, which is a good Centennial item, exemplifying the progress in railroading. People here have manifested a good deal of interest in the fast-train experiments and the successful running of the San Francisco train from New York to Chicago over the Pennsylvania Central and Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne tracks in twenty-five minutes less than schedule time, which was twenty-two hours, is a gratifying achievement, which only a perfect road and equipment renders possible. From New York to Pittsburgh, 444 miles, no stop was made at all—the train running steadily on its way at an average rate of 44 miles an hour.

The beauties and delights of a fine floral display can be fully enjoyed here along with all the rest. Having walked through the acres of blooming flowers, verdant sod and healthily evergreens, surrounding Horticultural Hall, and through the orange-eries and tropical groves of the fairy-like hall itself, sweet music in the meanwhile floating from the organ in the gallery, the visitor passes out and around to the northern side of the building, where he finds another conservatory constructed as an annex to supply space which the main structure lacked. This building is one great gothic arch, covering an area of ground 150 by 50 feet in size. Canvas is used instead of glass on the arch, and a delightful shade is the consequence. The walks are of fine sand kept damp, thereby imparting a pleasant coolness to the atmosphere. But the attraction here is in the display of rhododendrons in all their charming varieties. There are no flowers in the building but these, and they are all owned and exhibited by one man, Anthony Waterer, Knap Hill Nursery, England. His exhibits here number 1,500 plants, bearing, probably, twenty times as many flowers. In a short time he must remove them from the building, to make way for exhibitors of plants thriving later in the year, and these, in turn, must do in like manner for still others.

Last Wednesday was the Centennial anniversary of the introduction in the Continental Congress of the original resolution of Independence. The brief resolution was introduced by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, on the 7th of June, 1776, and laid over till the following day when it went to a committee and finally developed into a formal declaration on July 4th. The scene was in Independence Hall, which now attracts many visitors. A model, in metal, of the old Hall has been placed under a glass covering in Memorial Hall, on the Exhibition grounds. Scale, three-eighths of an inch to the square foot, weight, 1,200 pounds. It is an exact reproduction both of the interior and exterior of the Hall. Outside it is of German silver, oxidized with red gold. Inside are miniature copies of the 160 portraits in the Hall, with models of the furniture, desks, &c. And here, alas, is the short letter I started out to write.

NORTH VOLNEY.

Last Thursday quite an extensive drouth had commenced, there not having rain for two weeks. The period was the most critical for both hay and oats. But Friday the needed shower came, and the rain began to fall. This materially helps the hay crop, and if the showers continue it will help to secure a large one.

There are some things that men do that are unbecoming, and among them are such complaints as we began to hear last week about the dry weather. It is safe to trust what we cannot control to God, and an exceptionally mean sin to ever find fault with his management.

The potato bugs made their appearance some time ago, ready for business. It is evident they came from abroad, as they are full grown, "sleek and fat," and we might say of the "first stripe." We think the strong south wind helped them from "Egypt," and wish Barnum had them all caged, so he could be the undisputed "Prince of all humbugs."

Now, Mr. Editor, we don't want these beings in our potatoes any more than the citizens of San Francisco want the Chinese, but what shall we do about it.

North Volney, June 12, 1876.

PARISH.

We regret to state that the news from this place for the past week is not of the most agreeable character. Last Monday a mother and son were arrested for cruelty to a daughter and sister, and bound over to keep the peace and await the action of the grand jury. The arrest was made at the instigation of another son and brother.

Last Tuesday, about noon, near the Town Hall, Ora Rider, one of our best boys, son of D. L. Rider, was attacked by three ruffianly boys, of our place, with stones and clubs, and was severely hurt. He was knocked down, was senseless for awhile, and his right arm was partially paralyzed. The boys have been arrested. Officer Edick and Justice Barney have them in charge.

For several months past, the village of Parish has been afflicted with a lot of ruffianly boys. The better part of the village deprecated it, while another part seemingly encouraged them. These boys would particularly vent their spite on those outside of the village, both old and young. The matter had gone so far that people outside hesitated to send their children to the village to trade and to school for fear of their being injured. The prospects are now that we shall have a very different state of things, for the better class will have order and ruffians will be punished.

ODD.

Parish, June 12, 1876.

Oswego County Bible Society.

The Oswego County Bible Society held its annual meeting at the Congregational Church in this city this forenoon, Col. W. D. Smith, President, in the chair.

Scriptures were read by Rev. W. F. Hemenway with prayer by Rev. H. H. Stebbins.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

S. H. Coc, Treasurer, submitted his report showing that \$1,298.62 had been paid into the Treasury and \$823.07 had been disbursed. Accepted and referred to a special committee for examination.

The Committee subsequently complimented Mr. Coc upon the manner in which his accounts had been kept.

The Constitution was amended providing for the election of an Auditing Committee.

A Committee of three to propose names of officers for the ensuing year was appointed, consisting of Rev. Mr. Stewart, O. J. Harmon, and O. M. Bond.

Hon. Ransom H. Tyler then read an interesting history of the society for the past fifty years, which was ordered published.

Mr. Mollison, of the Executive Committee, submitted a report recommending reimbursing Rev. Mr. Woodruff, agent of the Society, expenses incurred while laboring for the Society, amounting to \$100. After some remarks by Mr. Woodruff and others present, the recommendation was adopted, and the money ordered paid.

Mr. Woodruff spoke of the needs of the county and thought a canvas should be made at least once in four years. The Executive Committee were directed to consider the subject, with power to act.

The Committee on nominations submitted the following report of officers for the ensuing year:

President—J. B. Edwards, Oswego.

Vice-Presidents—J. G. Benedict, Fulton; L. R. Mizzy, Pulaski; W. H. Kenyon, Oswego.

Recording Secretary—F. S. Thrall, of Oswego.

Corresponding Secretary—L. E. Goulding, of Oswego.

Treasurer and Depository—J. H. Coc, of Oswego.

Executive Committee—Gilbert Mollison, of Oswego; S. R. Brewster, of Hannibal; Mannister Werts, O. M. Bond, O. J. Harmon, and Thomas Matthews, of Oswego.

Auditing Committee—F. B. Lathrop, George Goodier.

The report was accepted and the officers elected.

—Osw. Times, Tuesday.

Death of Hon. Alanson Skinner.

We learn from the Watertown Times that Hon. Alanson Skinner died on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst., at his residence in Brownville, Jefferson county, at the advanced age of 82 years. Mr. Skinner came to Brownville from New Hampshire in 1815, and has never changed the home of his adoption. He was the third of a family of nine children of Timothy Skinner, of Westmoreland, N. H.—eight sons and one daughter. In 1860 the nine "children"—none of whom at that time were less than 30 years of age, together with their children and grandchildren, nearly one hundred in all, met at the residence of Hon. Avery Skinner, at Union Square, Oswego county. The circle was then unbroken, but now only three of the number remain among the living. Barton Skinner, of New Hampshire, was the first to be called, and then followed Rev. Dolphus Skinner, of Utica, a distinguished Universalist clergyman, Rev. Warren Skinner, also a well-known clergyman of the same denomination; Hiram Skinner and Mrs. Hiram Walker, of Oswego county. And now the sixth number of that sturdy family has gone out from among us, leaving three surviving brothers: Hon. Avery Skinner, of Union Square, Oswego county, Dr. Albert G. Skinner, of Youngstown, N. Y., and John Skinner, of Oneida.

Public Examinations in the chapel of the Academy on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

This (Thursday) evening under-graduate Exhibition in the Presbyterian church, to commence at 8 o'clock.

Friday (to-morrow), graduating exercises, in the same church, with the annual address by Rev. S. G. Brown, D. D., LL.D., President of Hamilton College.

The exercises to commence at 2 p. m. Owing to the fact that Rev. Dr. Brown, who is to deliver the address, cannot reach here till the afternoon of Friday, it will be necessary to change the hour appointed for the graduating exercises. Therefore they will begin at 2 p. m., instead of 10 a. m., as announced on Sunday. The other exercises remain as announced.

Sudden Death in a Church at Pulaski.

PULASKI, June 12.—Last evening, during service at the M. E. Church in this village, Ebenezer Moody, aged about 60 years, one of our most respected citizens, was taken suddenly ill and died in less than five minutes. His wife was sitting beside him, and just before his death he put his hand to his side and remarked, "I feel strange." He immediately dropped over on the seat and did not speak again. The event created great excitement, followed by deep sorrow, as Mr. Moody was greatly esteemed here.—Cor. Osw. Times.

Trains now run on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road from Oswego to New York without change of cars.

Obituary

Emily T. Tubbs, wife of the late William Tubbs, of Prattville, Oswego Co., N. Y., departed this life, March 13th, 1876, in the sixty-third year of her age. Her disease was bronchial consumption.

The subject of this memoir was born in Vernon, Vermont, in the year 1813, and, at the age of six years, she with her parents, moved to Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y. At the age of ten years, her dear mother died, and she was adopted by Mr. Samuel Emery as a daughter, and with him lived until she was twenty years of age. In 1830, in a revival meeting conducted by Rev. Mr. Dixon, a Congregationalist, she was led to see her condition as a sinner and the necessity of coming to Christ for salvation; and therefore, with many others, gave her heart to God, joined the First Congregational church of Mexico, and in that church lived a faithful, exemplary Christian for many years. In 1833, she became particularly acquainted with and married Mr. William Tubbs, and settled in the eastern part of the town on a farm, where they raised and educated two respectable children, one of whom became a teacher, the other a physician, and was a surgeon in the late war, in which he sacrificed his life for the good of his country.

In 1859 or '60, under the labors of Rev. A. P. Burgess, soon after a special revival of work conducted by him, a Wesleyan Methodist church was organized, and she and her husband united with it, and in said church she remained a worthy member until the day her spirit left for its home in heaven. Sister Tubbs was always true to her Savior, and the cause of God she so much loved. She, among others, in an early day, organized a sewing society, known as the Ladies' Benevolent Society of Prattville, in which she labored very zealously as long as her health would admit. Said society has disbursed hundreds of dollars to the needy, at the home in New York, to the missionary cause, the sufferers in Kansas and many of the destitute near home. She was much attached to the church, and longed to see it prosper, and for which she offered many anxious prayers. She also took it upon herself to prepare the elements for communion, and did so with much delight up to the time of her death. Sister Tubbs was a woman of great decision of character, so that when she made up her mind that she was right nothing could move her until she was convinced her position could be bettered, and then she would willingly take the better part. She had a buoyant mind and therefore always hoped for the best, and her life was a happy one.

Such was her ambition that she was only confined to her bed two days, during which time she had her reason perfectly, and when the only daughter stood by the bedside administering the last comfort to her, she looked up, and in a low tone of voice, said, "Don't be alarmed, for when I go I shall go quickly and easily." The daughter asked her if she was afraid to die. She said, "O, no! my Savior is my trust, and I fear no evil."

The writer was there quite often, and always found her the same confiding Christian she had ever been. When they were not thinking that death was so near, and while the daughter was standing by the bed, there was a change came over her and she passed away without a struggle or a groan, leaving her sick husband, an only daughter, and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss.

The writer addressed a large and sympathizing congregation from 2d Timothy 4-6, and then she was conveyed to the cemetery to rest until the resurrection morning, when she will come up with an immortal body, to meet the Lord, and so ever be with the Lord.

In the death of Sister Tubbs, the husband lost a dear companion, the daughter a good mother, the citizen a good neighbor, and the church one of its best members. May this providence be sanctified to the good of all.

G. L. PAINE.

Herriekville, June 8th, 1876.

Among those now visiting in our town are Mrs. Judge Whitney, of Cortland; Mr. Wm. Everts and family, of Sugar Land, Texas; Mrs. Briggs and daughters, of Galveston, Texas, and Mrs. Harlow Ames, of Minnesota.

The Oswego & Rome and Syracuse Northern depots at Pulaski are to be consolidated immediately. The new depot is to be built just south of the Syracuse Northern bridge over the Salmon River. The foundations for a building 143 feet long are laid.

Work on the New Haven M. E. church, which was suspended during the absence of the architect, has been resumed. The brick walls are already up, and it bears the evidence of being a good structure. It is expected to be finished and dedicated some time in the autumn.

The school house, known as the 16th School District, Fulton, was struck by lightning Friday afternoon. Two or three children were slightly stunned, but none seriously injured. Wilcox cheese factory in Granby was blown off its foundation. Hail stones fell at South Granby an inch thick. The crops are injured seriously.

The following were elected directors of the R. W. & O. RR. at the annual meeting of stockholders held in Watertown the 7th inst.: Marcellus Massey, Wm. C. Pierrepont, Moses Taylor, Samuel Sloan, Theo. Irwin, T. H. Camp, C. Zabriske, S. D. Hungerford, Gardner Colby, Jno. S. Farlow, Wm. E. Dodge, Wm. M. White, Jno. T. Denny.

Mexico is discussing the propriety of a Grand Re-union Festival to celebrate the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Mexican Academy. The Mexico Independent strongly urges such a reunion. That is right, neighbor, stir the people up until their hearts grow warm on the subject, for the cause is a worthy one.—Fulton Patriot.

Academy Semi-Centennial.

A meeting of citizens was held at Mayo Hall, Thursday evening, June 8th, pursuant to adjournment. It was much better attended than either of the former gatherings, and a very good spirit was manifested by those present.

The committee appointed at a former meeting to propose an outline sketch of the exercises, reported.

On motion, the date of the reunion exercises was fixed for August 23d and 24th.

It was also decided to procure a commodious tent, capable of seating 1,200 to 1,500 persons, in which to assemble for all the festivities, literary, patriotic and social.

The details of the programme were not sufficiently perfected to make their publication at this time advisable. It may be proper to say, however, that the first day and evening will probably be devoted to literary exercises, as addresses, poems, &c. The second day to reminiscences and short addresses from speakers selected from each of the five decades of the Academy's existence. Each of these to be followed in turn by volunteer speeches, stories, &c. The afternoon will be devoted to a recognition of our national Centennial, and will include town and county reminiscences, and a Centennial address.

The celebration will close on the evening of the second day with a grand reunion banquet in the tent, with stories, songs, toasts, &c.

To this all the students and teachers of the whole fifty years' existence of the institution will be invited by public notice, and, so far as their residences can be ascertained, by circular.

All the citizens of the town of Mexico, and all former students of the Academy residing in adjoining towns, will be invited to contribute to the success of this banquet by exhibiting a substantial interest.

The committee on programme also recommended the appointment of nine committees to take charge of the various details, and on motion the chair was directed to appoint a nominating committee of five gentlemen to fill out these several committees and report their appointment through the paper.

The chair appointed as such committee Rev. B. F. Barker, Alva F. Kellogg, Esq., B. S. Stone, T. W. Skinner, Esq., and Newton Hall. On motion, L. H. Conklin was added to the committee.

On motion of D. W. C. Peck, it was unanimously voted that the nominating committee be requested to report the name of Rev. B. F. Barker as chairman of the executive committee.

On motion, adjourned to meet at the call of the executive committee.

S. H. STONE, Chairman.

A. Hollon's house in Sand Bank was entered recently, and two gold watches, worth \$350, stolen.

S. L. Alexander has just received a lot of Centennial shoes. Though very nice they are not very expensive.

Rufus P. Calkins and wife started for the Centennial last Monday evening, and "Tom" Sayles is also on a visit to the big show.

The new Congregational church at Sand Bank was dedicated recently. The church cost \$5,600, of which \$4,665 has been paid.

The depot of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad in Oswego, was on Monday last removed to the West side in the Revenue block.

Miss Amelia V. Pettit will read a poem, entitled, "The Fatal Wine Cup," next Sabbath evening, in one of the churches.

On Monday last the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad Company commenced running through trains to Niagara Falls.

Patrick Flynn, of Granby, was found dead in the Oswego river, Friday, his body being tied to a tree. It is thought he committed suicide.

J. R. Norton not only believes in advertising what he has to sell in the Independent, but in large and attractive posters. No wonder he is a successful merchant.

Hon. O. J. Harmon, of Oswego, has been elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the State Sunday-school Association. He is also a member of the Executive Committee.

The Oswego County Eclectic Medical Society held its annual session at Pulaski, on Tuesday of last week. President J. N. Betts, Mr. D., delivered a practical address.

N. Voolre, of Richland, a saw mill employe is the heir to from \$100,000 to \$300,000 belonging to his grandfather who died in Detroit recently without making a will.

After hearing argument, Judge Noxon has continued the injunction restraining the Common Council and municipal officers of Oswego from levying a tax of \$5,200 for the centennial Fourth celebration. The decision is that the special act under which the levy was authorized is in conflict

Facts and Fancies.

A matter of course—The turf.

A beneficial strike—striking a job.

Kentucky was eighty-four years old as a State on the 1st inst.

The good Samaritan stopped at the sound of woe; so does a good horse.

Rheumatism is always a joint affair, and yet there is only one party to it.

Consent to common custom, but not to common folly.

A man must be very hungry to like the sound of a dinner gong.

Time is the vehicle which carries everything into nothing.

Kings and authors should be very careful how they treat their subjects.

The bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

Silver is flat in the London market. It has just commenced to get 'round here.

Most men have in their souls no locomotives strong enough to draw a train of thought.

Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a fine preface.

The obituary of a book agent says: He was a man of marked composure of manner.

The difference between an overcoat and baby is: one you was and the other you wear.

Crusty says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

Man is the only animal that is doomed to the drudgery of forever carrying pans upon his knees.

If you crack rough jokes at other people's expense, you may get your head cracked at your own.

Wealth does not always improve us. A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worthless.

The first part of married life is the shine of the honeymoon; the rest too often common moonshine.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

A scientific man in San Francisco recently sent a petrified codfish to his niece as a wedding present.

President Grant, it is said, expects to make a tour of the world upon the close of his term of office.

Tennessee has forty cotton mills, employing 56,358 spindles, and consuming 14,443 bales of cotton.

There are 70,000 children living on boats in England, who receive no education.

According to the new Directory, San Francisco has now a population of 272,345 souls, a gain of 42,000 during the last year.

There is no whet to the appetite like early dew, nothing for the stomach like grass and wild flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning.

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Mrs. Ira Mead, of Greenwich, who is one hundred and six years old, says: "Few people die after they get to be a hundred."

A New Hampshire farmer has been killed in the profitability of hogs since one of them rooted up a box containing \$300.

Motto of a Portland temperance reform club: "We bend the knee, but not the elbow."

A young lady who had a new hood, and was asked to lend it frequently, said she was getting tired of keeping a neighbor hood.

A husband telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Buck-wheat cakes and the measles."

An Ohio clergyman, praying in his church, was interrupted by his dog, which trotted up the aisle and pulpit stairs and put his paws on his master's shoulders.

In a recent address to female candidates for confirmation the vicar of Kensington, England, requested them to arrange their hair so that the bishop might really lay his hands on their heads.

Osgood and Drew, a speaker and a singer, have formed a copartnership for temperance revivalism on the Moody and Sankey plan. They have started out successfully in Massachusetts.

She was a young lady from Chicago, and he asked her if she would partake of an ice cream, and she gently answered: "If it's good, square, confectioner's cream, I'm there; but if it's church fair or strawberry festival, count me out."

A Milwaukee man made three unsuccessful attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife told him: "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." He goes about saying that he owes his life to that woman.

A backwoods clergyman having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: "An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and fasten to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over."

A homely Scotch proverb says: A plate wi' a man's name on it is a very good thing, but a dinnerplate wi' a man's dinner on it is a better.

Saving Money.

A woman was about to move, and convinced her husband that they couldn't do better than selling their furniture at auction, and maintaining thus the apparently irreconcilable theses that (1) you can always get things at auction for less than their worth, and (2) that you can always get more at an auction for things than they are worth. Accordingly she disposed of her household effects on a Friday. Saturday she went to another auction and bought back for 19.75 the girl's bedroom set that on the day preceding she had sold for \$10.60, less charges and commission. When her husband reminded her of it she burst into a flood of tears, and asked him if this was all the thanks she got for trying to save his money.

The following cure for gout is taken from an old work: 1st. The person must pick a hankerchief from the pocket of an old maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition; 2nd. He must dry it on a parson's hedge who was never covetous; 3rd. He must send to a doctor's shop who never killed a patient; 4th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client; 5th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

An old lady was in the habit of talking to her friends in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting only the sad side of life. "Why," said one, after a long and dreary interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

New Haven children are, on the Fourth of July, to march in the form of the United States flag, being dressed in red, white or blue, according to the part of the figure to which they are assigned.

SUN UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS!

Magnificent line of Twilled and Serge Silk Sun Umbrellas, Damasse Silk Sun Umbrellas, in the leading colors of Brown, Black, Marine and Blue, with Pearl, Ivory, Horn, Camellia, Gold Mounted and Ebony Handles; also Elegant Canopy Parasols, at

MILTON S. PRICES, 38 and 40 South Salina St., Syracuse.

A Few Things that We Know.

We know that a disordered stomach or liver produces more suffering than any other cause. We know that very few physicians are successful in their treatment of these disorders. We know that Dr. Cullen's Radical Cure will, without the shadow of a doubt, almost immediately relieve and permanently cure all these distressing symptoms. We know of thousands who are willing to testify that what we say is true to the letter. We know that if you will give it a fair trial you will let us add your name to the "cloud of witnesses." Will you give it a trial, and do it now! Trial size only 25c. Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Wm. N. Y. Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physician required. Costs 25c. Try it!

Book Bottom in Dry Goods.

Received, since the great Dry Goods auction sales in New York, several cases of Domestic Dry Goods at a great reduction from the actual cost to manufacture, which I offer at the following extremely low prices:

Good Prints, cut from pieces, 5 cts.
" 4-4 Bleached Muslin, 6 cts.
" 4-4 Atlantic Brown Cotton, 7 cts.
Good Pink Calicoes, 6 cts.
Lancaster & Renfrew Gingham, 12 cts.
All other goods in proportion. Call at once if you want to save money.

K. E. SILL, Hastings, May 29, 1876. 31-2

You Have no Excuse.

Have you any excuse for suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Is there any reason why you should go from day to day complaining with sour stomach, sick headache, habitual constiveness, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, water-brash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c? No! It is positively your own fault if you do. Go to your Druggist, John C. Taylor, and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER. For 75 cents your cure is certain, but if you doubt this, get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you.

All you who think of buying a carriage, buggy or wagon, be sure and go to Geo. Penfield's, and see his stock and learn his prices before purchasing elsewhere. You will be surprised to learn how low his prices are. Just give him a call.

Patrons of Husbandry—County Council.

The Oswego County Council will meet at the village of New Haven on Tuesday, June 13th, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the transaction of business. Patrons are earnestly requested to be present from all the subordinate granges in the county. By Order Executive Committee.

Be sure and go to the meeting at Mayo's Hall, this (Thursday) evening, and help the movement for a semi-centennial celebration of our Academy.

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR Deaf-Mute Children!

The Rev. T. B. BERRY, Rector of Trinity Church, GRANVILLE, N. Y., Desires to receive into his family four deaf-mute children for instruction and home care. REFERENCES.—Rev. T. Gallaudet, D. D., Prof. L. L. Peet, LL. D., New York; and Prof. C. W. Ely, A. M., Frederick, Md. 21-2

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. 10-1y

CULLINGWORTH'S ALPHABET CARDS.

70,000 Sold in Three Years.

The cheapest and best adapted for the use of your relatives and friends on account of the convenient size and clear elegant design.

Both single and double hand, 25 for 25 cents, 50 for 50 cents, 100 for \$1.00. In lots of not less than 100 single-hand cards, with your name on the back, Price per 100, \$1.00

Also, The only Complete CENTENNIAL GUIDE, WITH MAPS OF THE Exhibition Grounds, The Principal Buildings, and their National Divisions; and a record of the City of Philadelphia, showing street car lines and places of interest and giving a great variety of information, useful to strangers, especially

DEAF-MUTES. Price, by mail, 30 cents. WM. R. CULLINGWORTH, Box 2258, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-1y

A Work for the Million. The Most Remarkable Production of the Age. HISTORY REDUCED TO A SCIENCE. BY PROF. P. A. EWEKY. A LARGE Chart Illustrating RELIGION and SCIENCE, their agency and operation in the Fall and Restoration of Man (Society). A scientific delineation of history, based on Mathematics and the laws of cycles or circular time, and approximating to the probable date of the Millennium, and end of the first cycle of time. Accompanied by a Manual explanatory of the Chart, briefly demonstrating the truths thereon delineated; and enlarging upon the Twelve Axioms of History. To which is appended a brief Biography and the Phenomenological Character of the Author. Chart and Manual printed on the best of material. Price of Chart, beautifully colored, with Manual, nicely bound, \$3.00. Chart and Manual, plain, \$2.00. Mailed free on receipt of price. Address Mrs. Prof. P. A. Eweky, Publisher, Chicago, Ill. This Chart is so original and unique that it must be seen to be appreciated. His biographer (Dr. Woodworth, Prof. in the Am. University of Phila.) says: "These charts, with his books, are really remarkable productions, especially for a self-educated man, and he a deaf-mute, almost isolated from the world and cut off from its numerous advantages; shut up, to be sure, within himself, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. They transcend anything known in the 'deaf-mute world,' and are unequalled by anything of the kind ever attempted by anyone."

\$5 TO \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. SYRACUS & Co., Portland, Maine. 10-1y

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Parasols for 25 cts., at NORTON'S.
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150 different style of Parasols and showerers, at NORTON'S.
Elegant line of those 2 Button Kids, in Opera Shades for \$1.00, at NORTON'S.
Shawls! Shawls!! Shawls!!! at NORTON'S.
Hamburg! Hamburg!! Hamburg!!! at NORTON'S.
Elegant Black Brilliantine for only 50 cents, at NORTON'S.
5,000 yards Elegant Style Prints for 61c., at NORTON'S.
New and fresh Prints received every week, at NORTON'S.

What's the use of keeping a hired girl and burning up all your fire wood, when you can get a nice loaf of bread at Mexico Bakery for 10 cts. 32

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
—For 1876—

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

{ The Journal } { A Marvel of Deaf- }
{ for 1876, } { Mute Journalism. }

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

so acceptable to our better class of readers, we during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs. We shall make the

Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS
Of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal:
One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50
One copy six months, 75
Club of ten, 1.25

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS
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Nos. 142 & 144 Grand St., NEW YORK CITY.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price with ten per cent added for postage.

Peet's Course of Instruction DEAF and DUMB.

FOR THE

Elementary Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 308. Price 75 cents.

Scripture Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 96. Price 20 cents.

Course of Instruction, Part III, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Fully Illustrated. Pp. 252. Price \$1.00.

Containing a development of the verb; illustrations of idioms; lessons on the different periods of human life; a natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year. This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

History of the United States of America, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 423. Price \$1.50.

Extending from the discovery of the continent to the close of President Lincoln's administration. A work of great accuracy, written in a pure, idiomatic style, and pronounced by good judges to be the best and most instructive history of this country that has ever been condensed within the same compass.

Manual of Chemistry, by Dudley Peet, M. D. Pp. 123. Price 75 cents.

Manual of Vegetable Physiology, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Pp. 42. Price 25 cents.

Language Lessons, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Script Type. Pp. 232. Price \$1.25, (including postage).

Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language.

It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, the directions for use are so minute that any one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction of deaf-mutes, may with the aid satisfactorily carry forward their education. It is therefore adapted for home instruction as well as for use in the classroom. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, thus rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another. By its means the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. In order to employ it to advantage it is not necessary to forego the use of other text-books, but it will, it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover form in the pupil the habit of thinking in language.

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, and the pupils in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

Wm. H. HALL, Barber and Hair Dresser.
Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies and children's hair. Shop on Main street, Mexico.

DR. JAS ANDREW MILNE, SURGEON.
Office, No. 213 West First Street, OSWEGO. Office hours, 9.00 to 11.00 a. m. And from 4.00 to 7.30 p. m.
An appointment for any other hour can be secured by making the request by letter. 16

REAL HAIR SWITCHES
For sale at A. L. Mason's, Also Madam Foy's Patent Corset Skirt Supporter. Mexico, May 19, 1876.

H. H. DOBSON, Dentist.
Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain all ways on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

C. E. HEATON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office over Thomas' new Store. Special office day, Saturday afternoon of each week. Residence—Pulaski St.

WEBB & COON, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, AND PROCTORS IN LAW, EQUITY AND ADMIRALTY.
Rooms 8, 9, 10 and 11 Arcade Block, East End Lower Bridge, OSWEGO, N. Y. S. A. WEBB. S. M. COON.

J. U. MANWARREN, M. D.
MEXICO, N. Y.
Office Jefferson St., opposite Post Office. Residence corner of Main and Railroad streets. Female and all chronic diseases made a specialty. SUNDAY'S of each week special office days. All calls promptly attended. 25

J. D. HARTSON, Attorney and Counselor at Law Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Stor Main St.

J. A. RICKARD, Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, South Jefferson Street.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvelous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health. This medicine gains friends at every trial; and the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

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Practical and Analytical Chemists,
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For sale at Mexico, by
JOHN C. TAYLOR, Druggist.

COAL.

The following are the prices for coal:

Anthracite and Lackawanna Coal.
GRATE, 7.00
EGG, 7.75
STOVE, 8.25
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Wilkes-Barre Coal.
GRATE, 7.75
EGG, 7.75
STOVE, 8.15
CHESTNUT, 7.00
CHARCOAL, (per bushel), 20
Blacksmith's Coal always on hand.
Our coal is as clean as any in the market, and warranted to give satisfaction or no pay.
All coal must be paid for when delivered.
W. PENFIELD.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of T. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against Morris S. Kimball, late of the town of Venice, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at her residence, in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876.
MRS. M. S. KIMBALL, Administratrix.

L. H. Conklin, BANKER, MAIN ST., MEXICO, OSWEGO CO N. Y., buys all kinds of Government Securities, AND OSWEGO COUNTY BONDS, at favorable rates. Sells Drafts on New York Collections made in all points, and remittance made promptly.

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Also Agent for the following well known and responsible Fire Insurance Companies, viz:
HOME OF NEW YORK, CAPITAL \$1,000,000, 2,720,861.00,
NIAGARA " " 1,371,312.85,
HARTFORD, HARTFORD, CT. 2,026,230.70,
Mexico, Nov. 6, 1872.

It is not true that C. B. Chapman has given up business in Mexico. They are still at their old stand on Main St., where they will be glad to see all their old customers and lots of new ones.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spr'g \$7.00, red \$7.50, white \$8.25
Meal, (retail) 5.00 @ 1.30
Shorts, (retail) 1.18
Shipments, (retail) 1.20
Middlings, (retail) 1.28
Corn, 70
Oats, 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Butter, 18 @ 20
Loose Butter, 16 @ 19
Cheese, 6 @ 11
Lard, 15
Eggs, (doz), 14
Beef (retail), 05 @ 10
Beef (cwt), 80 @ 88
Mutton, (cwt), 88 00
Pork, (retail), 821
Pork (cwt), 88 @ 88
Apples, (dried), (retail), 06
Ham, (retail), 14
Dressed Poultry, (retail), 10 @ 12
Potatoes, (retail), 20
Beef Hides, per lb., 4 @ 5

Housekeepers Take Notice.

Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.50; Spring, \$1.70.
Kerosene oil, 15 cts per gallon.
One Dollar Tea, 80 cts per lb.
Salt, \$1.70.
50lb Butter Tubs, 30 cents.
New Orleans \$1.00 Molasses, 80 cts per gal.
Monitor Coffee Wringer, 4 cts per oz.
The poor can have cheaper.
W. O. JOHNSON, Washington St., Mexico.

Syracuse Northern Railroad.

GOING NORTH—LEAVE

Station	A. M.	P. M.
Syracuse	4 00	12 35
Central Square	4 07	1 35
Malory	5 07	1 40
Hastings	5 15	1 49
Parish	5 22	1 58
Union Square	5 34	2 11
Holmesville	5 42	2 19
Pulaski	5 55	2 35
Sandy Creek	6 13	2 55

GOING SOUTH—TRAINS LEAVE:

Station	A. M.	P. M.
Sandy Creek	9 10	11 45
Pulaski	9 27	12 06
Holmesville	9 42	12 21
Union Square	9 50	12 29
Parish	10 03	12 44
Hastings	10 10	12 52
Malory	10 19	1 00
Central Square	10 30	1 12
Syracuse	11 20	2 05

The clock in the Superintendent's office at Syracuse is the Standard Time, and will be regulated by New York Central time.

J. W. BROWN, Agent and General Manager
Syracuse, May 31, 1876.

To Dairymen! STICKLES MILK PAN and COOLER.

The undersigned having purchased the right to manufacture and sell the Stickles Pan in the county of Oswego, would present to you for your investigation, the principles and facts which make them far superior to any other pan now in use.

The Stickles pan having the cooler in the centre of the pan with a pipe discharging cold water at the top of the tank or cooler the milk is cooled downward, so when it changes or rises it always rises at the bottom. All pans that run water under or around the sides to cool the milk do not accomplish the desired object. It is a well known fact that when milk is heated, consequently the heat rises in the milk which will not cool until it is chilled upward through the milk which is a different temperature—that nearest the water being the coldest, while the milk at the top of the pan is the warmest.

The above reasoning will prove its own correctness to the mind of most intelligent men, but we have actual proof for the skeptical. For instance, farmers complain of finding thin layers of cream through the milk that could not rise to the surface, as the milk would first coagulate or butter on top in consequence of being so much warmer than at the bottom, while at the bottom of the pan the milk would be nearly or quite even.

Another great advantage the Stickles pan has over all competitors, is its durability and convenience. All know how thin, which is continually exposed to water, as is the case with all other pans, will corrode and rust. Now this pan is not exposed to the water, but the water, when the water is being pumped, the water cannot have any impression whatever on the tin. It is the most convenient; the pan being round and set on arms which turn on pivots, all parts of the pans can be skinned or washed without changing position. Nearly every farmer's pantry is large enough to accommodate these pans. No waiting to build a milk house, so as to have a room large enough to hold all around the pans, as those have who use the square pans.

Another advantage we have is the cheapness of these pans. They are from twenty-five to forty dollars cheaper, according to size, than any other pan. They are made from XXXX tin, and cost no more for an outfit than common pans.

We do not say what we have in a boasting manner. We do not condemn all other pans. We do say that all large pans are an improvement on the small pans. We claim for the Stickles pan, durability, convenience, cheapness, and that they will cool the milk to any degree of temperature desired, and guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction.

Seven Reasons Why THE STICKLES MILK PAN AND COOLER!

Is better than any square or old-fashioned pan made.

1. THE COOLER is in the centre of the pan cooling the milk downward.

2. DURABILITY. No water coming in contact with the tin to rust it out.

3. CONVENIENCE. The pans being round and turning on a pivot in the centre.

4. DURABILITY. No water coming in contact with the tin to rust it out.

5. CHEAPNESS. Costing no more for an outfit than the old style ten quart pans.

6. THERE IS NO PART but what is accessible to clear without changing position.

7. WILL MAKE MORE BUTTER from the same quantity of milk. Why? Because the milk is at once cooled evenly from top to bottom, and always changes or thickens at bottom.

Sizes from 10 to 50 Cows.

Address all orders and inquiries to the undersigned, sole agents for Oswego county.

SEYMOUR & DICKINSON.
Pulaski, N. Y. 27-6

Wringers OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED

By **C. B. CHASE,**
North Store, old City Hall, OSWEGO. Orders by express promptly attended to. 14 3m

To the Public.

I have now in my employ, J. H. Cass, who is an experienced upholsterer and cabinet-maker. I am now prepared to do all kinds of work in the cabinet and upholstery line in a manner that will be sure to give satisfaction.

H. M. BARD.
Mexico, June 7, 1876.

Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg R. R.

1876. Winter Arrangement. 1876.

On and after Tuesday, Nov. 30th, and until further notice, passenger trains will run on this road as follows, (Sundays excepted):—

Leave Mexico, 8.30 a. m.; arrive at Rome, 10.40 p. m.; Utica, 11.15 p. m.; Albany, 2.30 p. m.; New York, 6.57 p. m.
Leave Mexico 2.10 p. m.; arrive at Watertown 6.05 p. m.; Cape Vincent 4.50 p. m.
Leave Mexico 6.55 p. m.; arrive at Watertown 8.40 p. m.; Rome, 9.15 p. m.; Utica, 9.55 p. m.; Albany, 1.10 a. m.; New York, 7.00 a. m.
Sleeping car through to New York.
Leave Mexico, 7.25 a. m. Arrive at Oswego, 8.45 a. m.
12.20 p. m. 1.10 p. m.
4.09 p. m. 5.00 p. m.
8.15 p. m. 9.00 p. m.

LEAVE NEW HAVEN.

Going East—
8.25 a. m. 7.55 a. m.
1.57 p. m. 12.42 p. m.
6.41 p. m. 4.25 p. m.
8.29 p. m.

Going West
7.55 a. m.
12.42 p. m.
4.25 p. m.
8.29 p. m.

J. W. MOAK, Gen'l Supt
H. T. FRARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

Insure your Property WITH MORSE & IRISH, Fire, Life & Accidental Insurance Agents.

Insurance to any amount placed in first-class companies. Satisfaction guaranteed to all who trust their business at this agency.

Representing over \$100,000,000 American and English Capital.

COMPANIES
Conn. Mutual Life of Hartford,
Travelers Accidental of Hartford,
Aetna Fire of Hartford,
Phoenix Fire of Hartford,
Royal of England,
Insurance Co of North America, Phila., Penn.,
Atlas of Hartford,
N. Y. Central of N. Y.,
Oswego and
Phenix of N. Y.,
Merchants of Providence,
Lancashire of England,
Office first door east of Empire Block.
D. C. MORSE. GEO. W. IRISH.
Mexico, Jan. 11, 1876. 11

RAILROAD MILLS

Is the place to go for your **FLOUR & FEED,**

Where there is kept constantly on hand a stock of **FLOUR** of all Grades, **MEAL,** Shorts, Ships, Midds, Screenings, Graham Flour, Rye Flour, Cracked Corn

And everything pertaining to the trade. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. Having put in **NEW MACHINERY,** we are prepared to give entire satisfaction in all the branches of

Custom Grinding

Persons living in the corporation who wish to order Flour and Feed of us can rely on having their orders promptly filled by

Leaving their orders at **VIRGIL'S BOOK STORE.**

Give us a call. Send in your orders.
L. ROBBINS & SON
Mexico, Sept. 10, 187 45

The Illustrated Christian Weekly

Is a large 12-page paper, filled with choice reading and beautiful illustrations, containing, weekly, carefully prepared notes on the Sunday School Lessons, and is published at the low price of

Two Dollars and Fifty cts. a Year, Postpaid.

We offer this paper and "The Teacher's Bible" upon the following terms:

6 new subscribers, sent us with the money (\$15) will entitle the sender to one copy of the Teacher's Bible, in Nonpareil or Minion type, bound in morocco, limp sides.

8 new subscribers, sent us with the money (\$20) will entitle the sender to one copy of the Teacher's Bible, large print edition, bound in morocco, limp or board, etc.

10 new subscribers, sent us with the money (\$25) will entitle the sender to one copy of the Teacher's Bible, bound in levant, limp sides.

12 new subscribers, sent us with the money (\$30) will entitle the sender to one copy of the Teacher's Bible, in Nonpareil or Minion type, levant, limp lined.

15 new subscribers, sent us with the money (\$37 50) will entitle the sender to one copy of the large print edition of the Teacher's Bible, levant, kid-lined, protecting edges, pockets, etc.

Circulars descriptive of these Bibles and sample pages sent free. Bibles delivered without extra charge at any of our agencies, or sent by express when desired.

Specimen copies of the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY free on application.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY.
23-4 150 Nassau Street, New York

Camp Meeting at Phelps' Grove.

Arrangements have been made to hold a meeting on this old battle-ground, near Clanton, to commence Wednesday, June 21st, and to hold one week. A general invitation is given to the entire District, and to all those charges which have formerly attended here. A good attendance and a profitable occasion is expected.

B. F. BARKER, Pres.
J. W. ROBERTS, Sec.
Mexico, June 7, 1876.